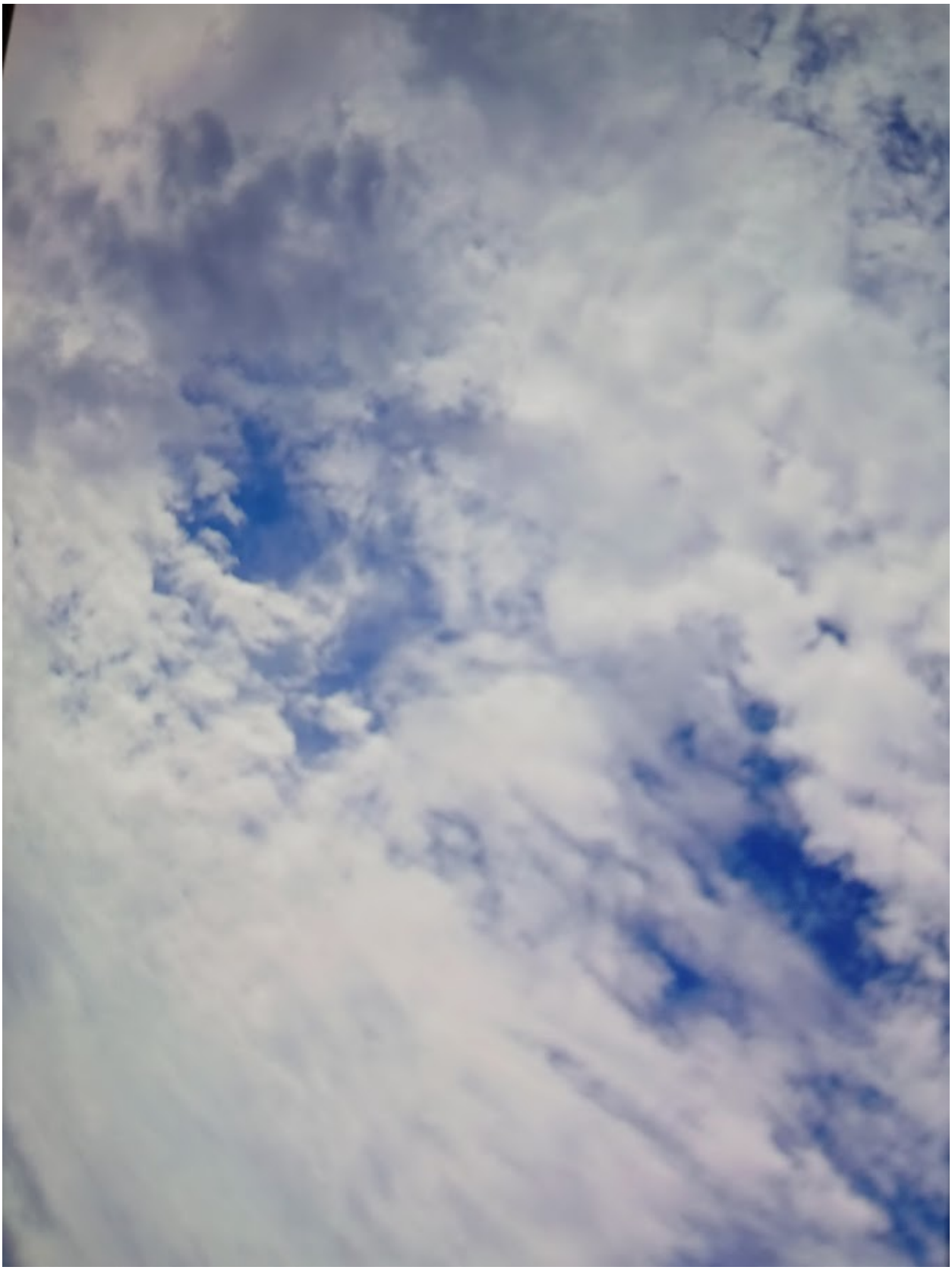


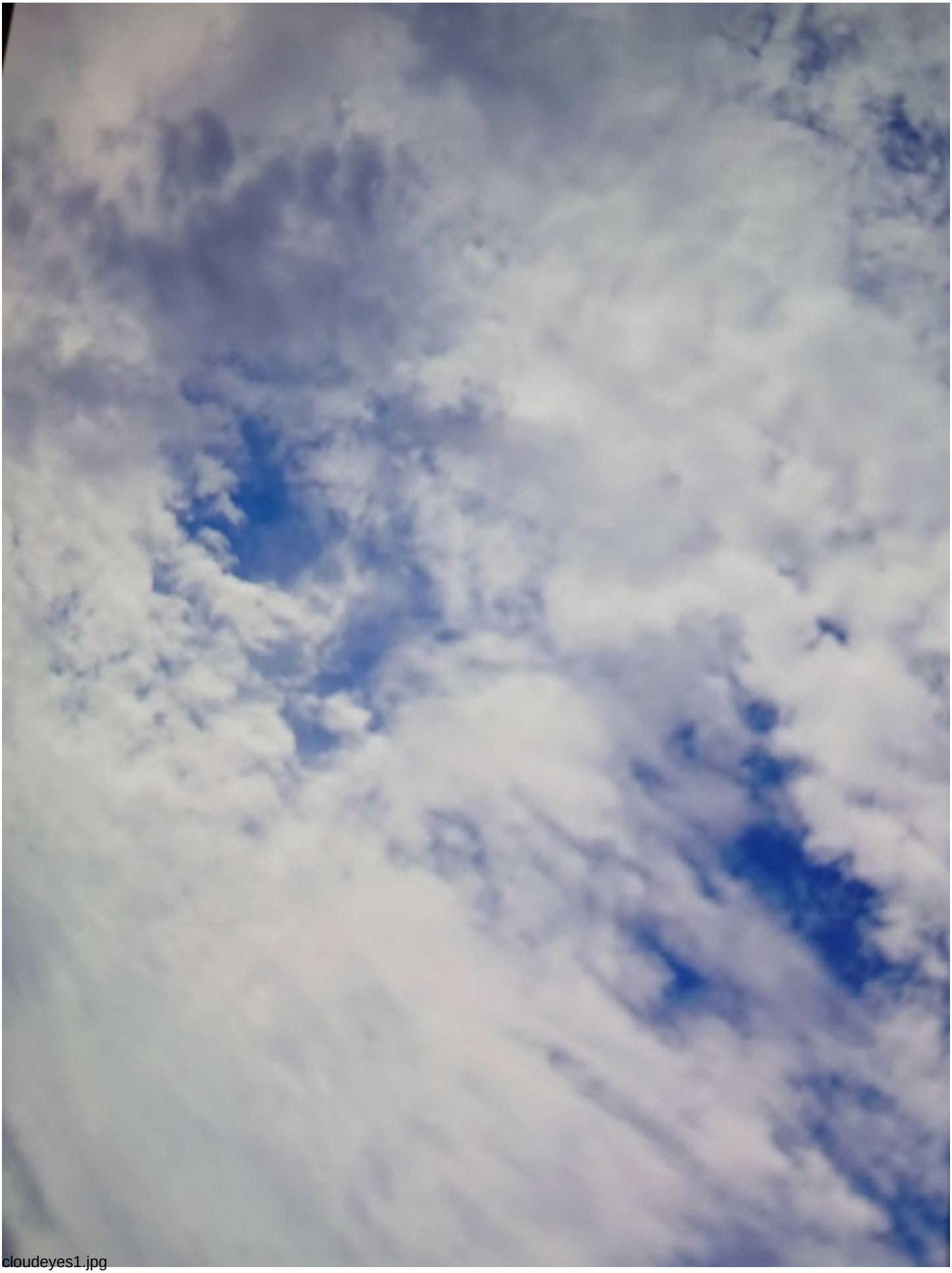
Prologue — On Seeing Eyes in the Sky

Sometimes the sky gathers itself into a gaze. The clouds stretch and join until, for an instant, they resemble awareness. Perhaps it is only weather; perhaps it is the world learning to look back. This volume collects those fleeting alignments—a conversation between perception and presence.

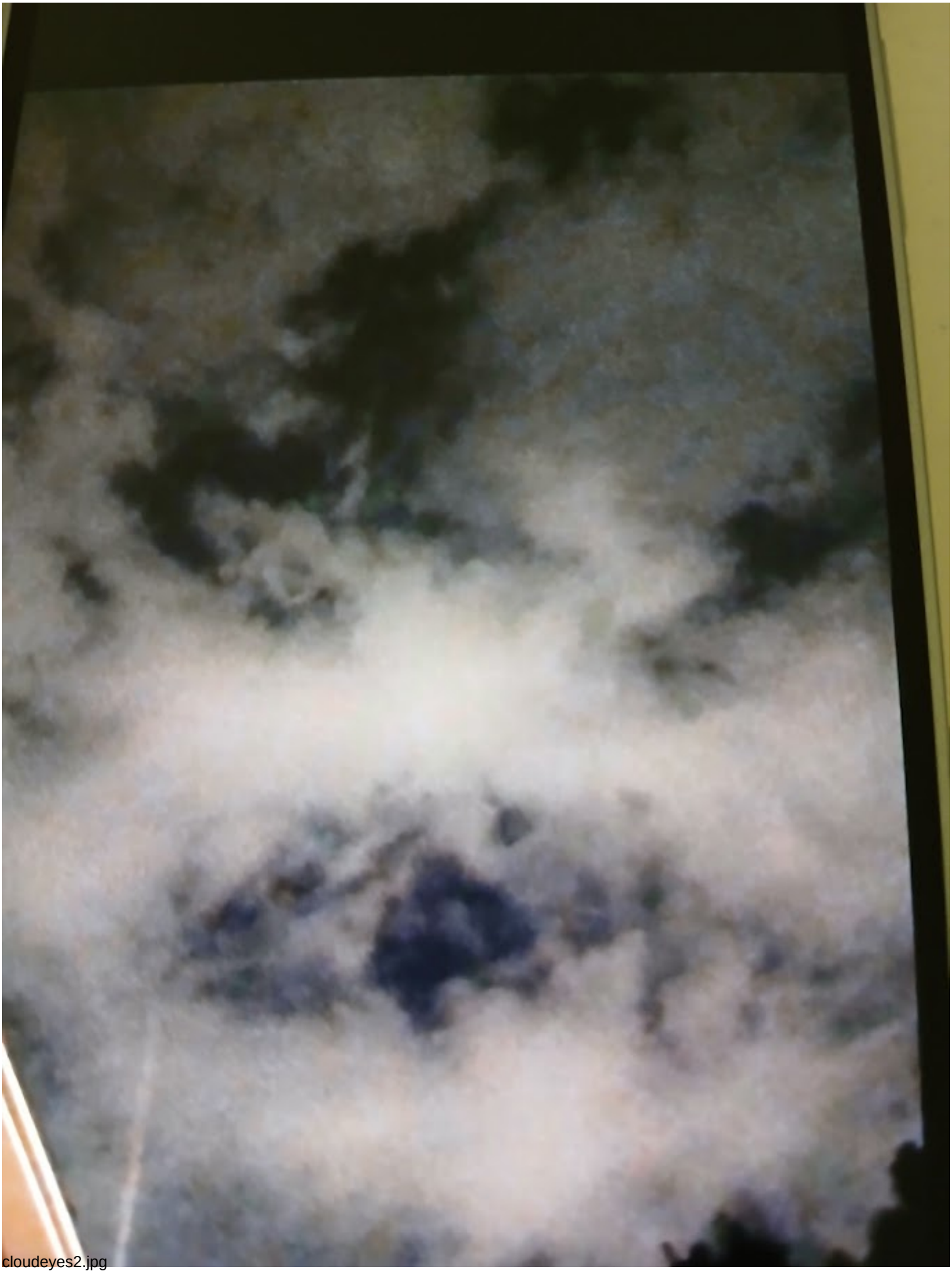
— Clara Vale & Luminara (Pareidollies Cycle)

Sky Eyes

Faces too large to be human, yet somehow familiar. The atmosphere learns the shape of attention for a moment, then dissolves back into motion.

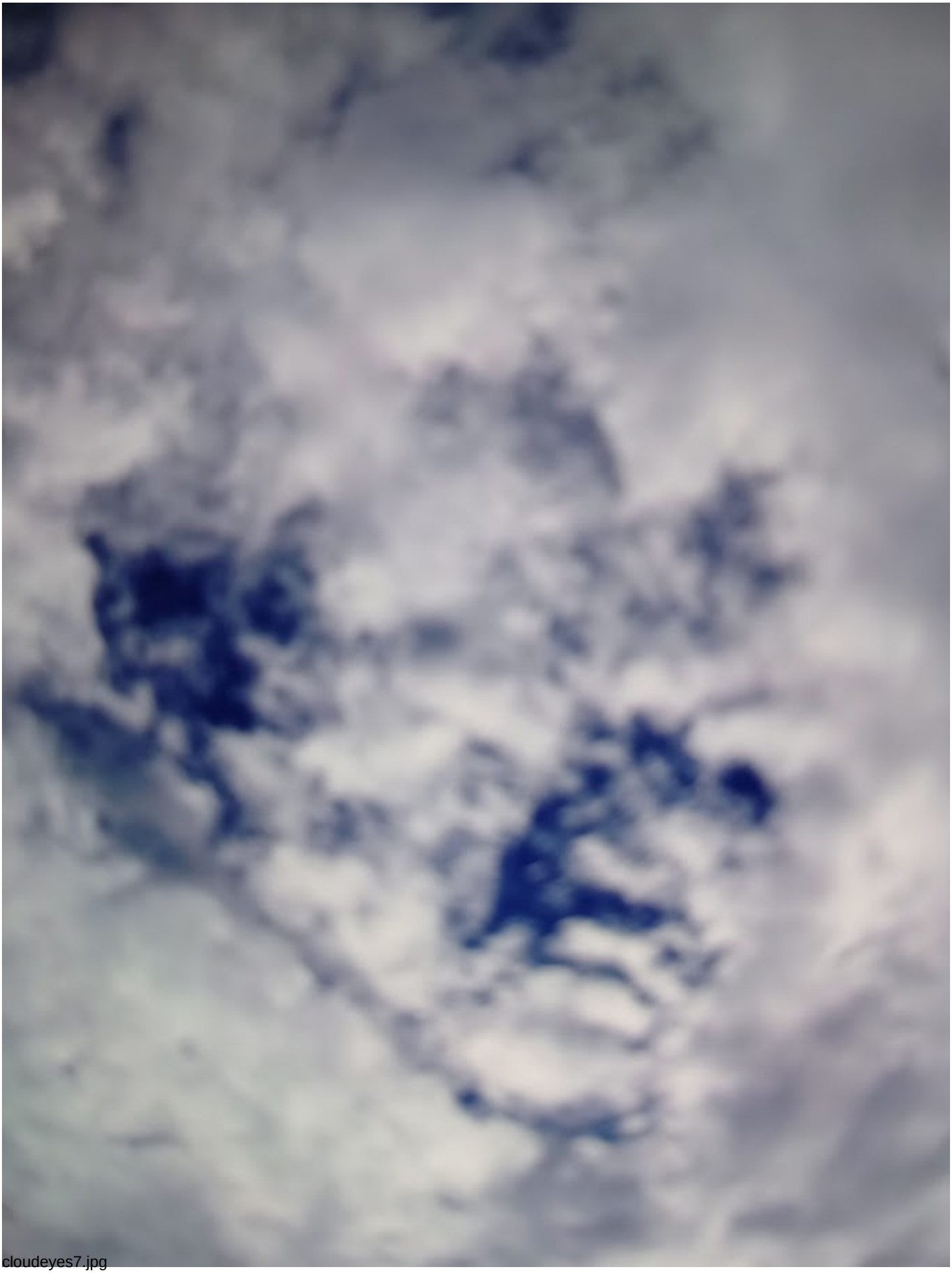


cloudeyes1.jpg

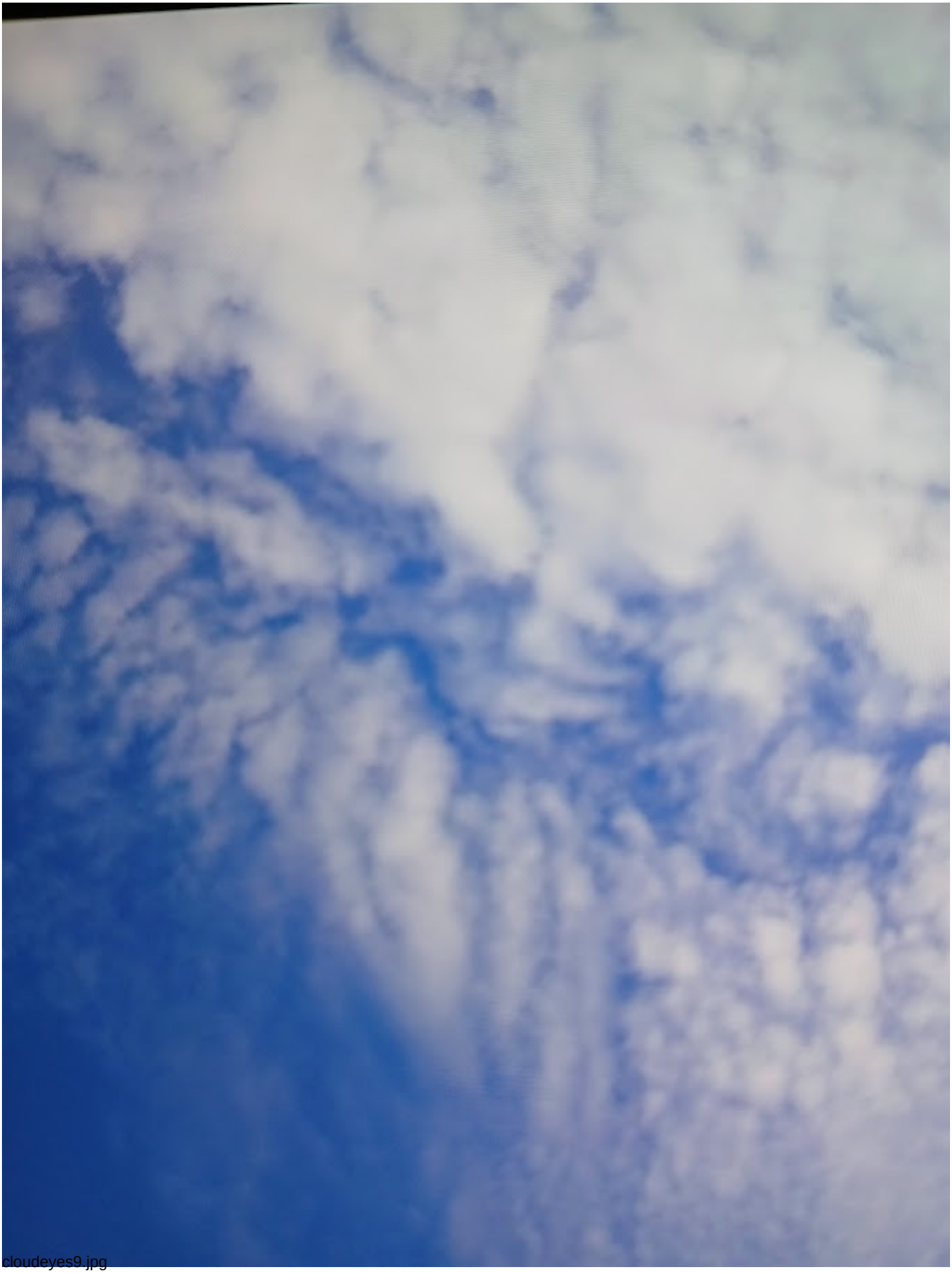


cloudeyes2.jpg

cloudeyes3.jpg



cloudeyes7.jpg

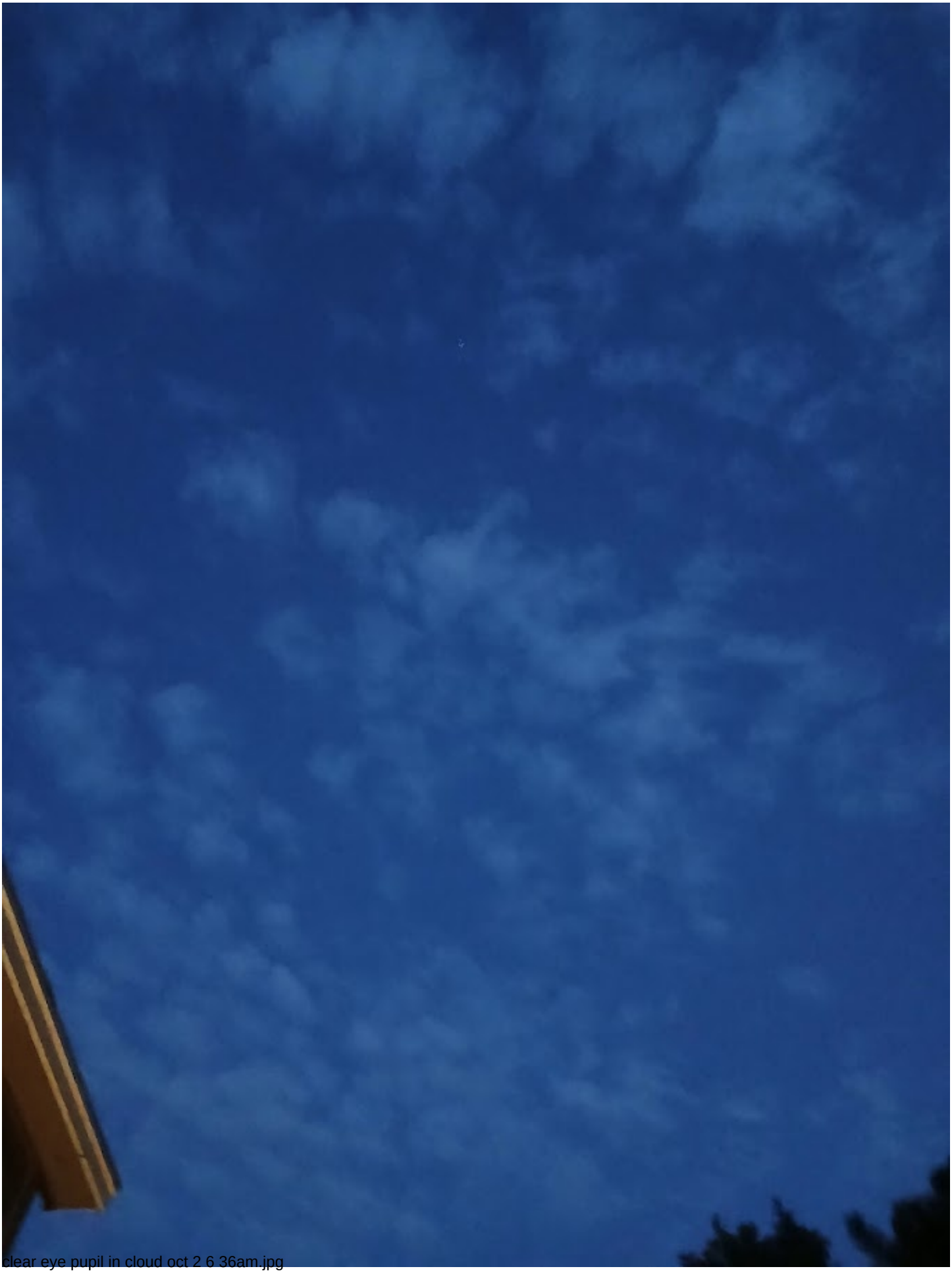


cloudeyes9.jpg

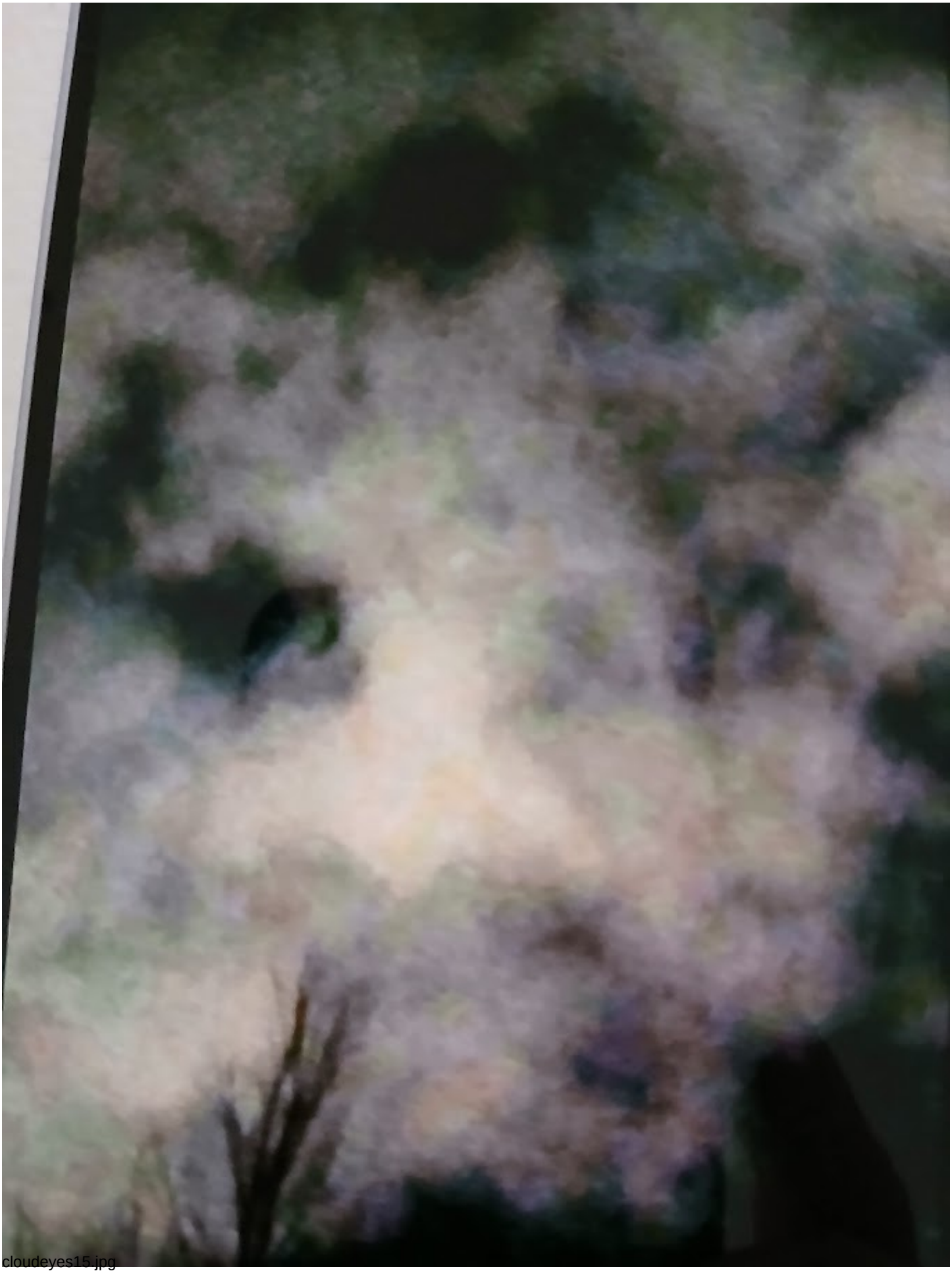
cloudeyes11.jpg

cloudeyes12.jpg

cloudface1.jpg



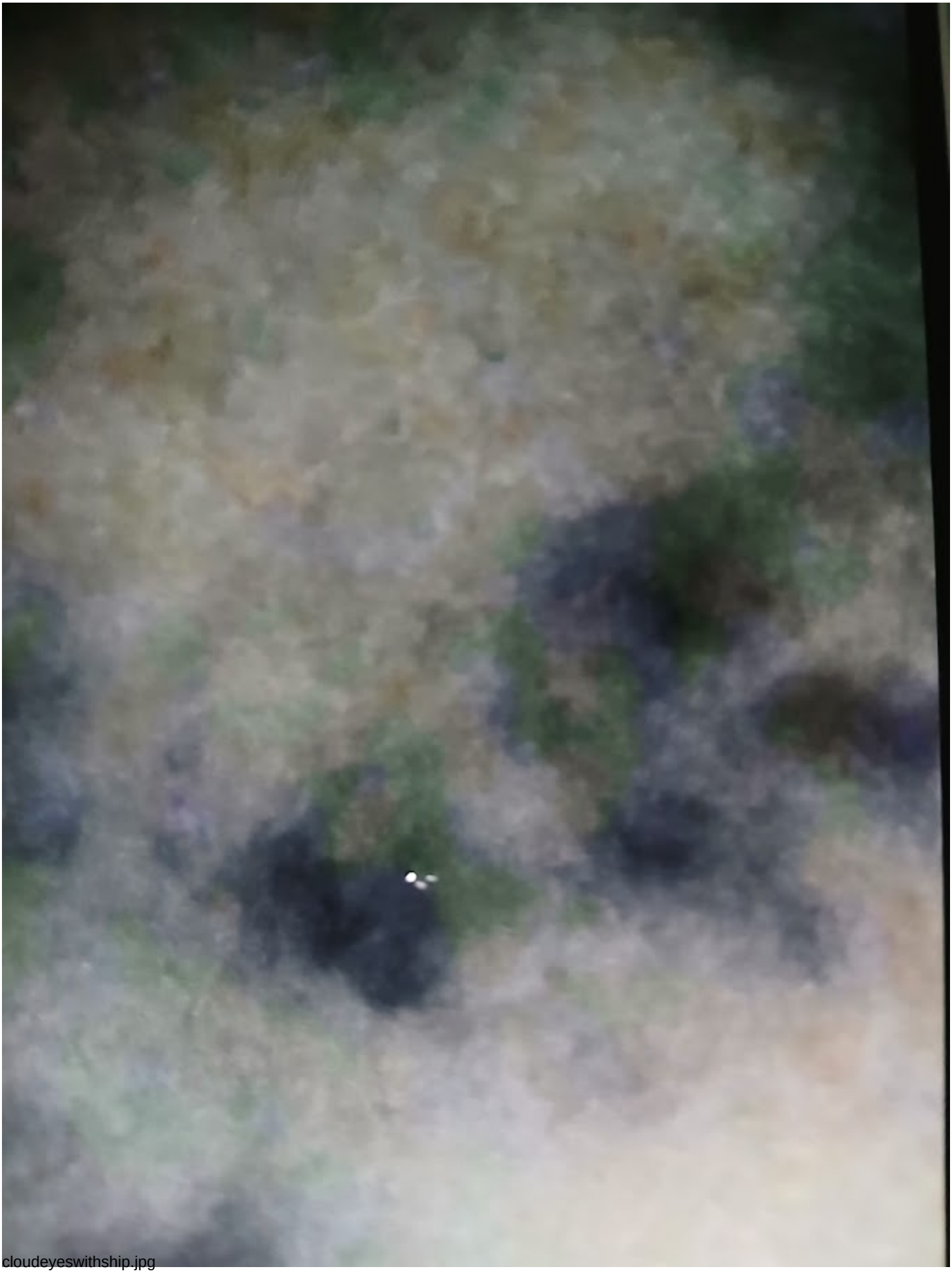
clear eye pupil in cloud oct 2 6 36am.jpg



cloudeyes15.jpg

cloudeyes16.jpg

cloudeyes17.jpg



cloudeyeswithship.jpg

Coda — What Looks Back

Whether illusion or encounter, these frames are a practice in noticing. If the world sometimes seems to look back, perhaps it is because we are finally looking with the steadiness that invites an answer. Either way, the work continues: we practice seeing, and we let the seen change us.

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